

NOTICE.  
All communications either of an editorial or business character, should be addressed to HILTON & CAMPBELL, Box 18, Stanford, Ky.  
All notices intended for advertising, should be sent to the office of the Interior Journal, at the same address, and be accompanied by the cash or order for payment.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.  
We would call the special attention of proprietors and subscribers to the following articles of the newspaper laws:  
1. A proprietor is required to give notice by letter to the subscribers of any change of office, or of the name of the paper, at least ten days before the change is made.

TO ADVERTISERS.  
The rates are as follows: For advertising in the Interior Journal, per line, per week, \$1.00. For advertising in the Interior Journal, per line, per month, \$3.00. For advertising in the Interior Journal, per line, per quarter, \$8.00. For advertising in the Interior Journal, per line, per half year, \$15.00. For advertising in the Interior Journal, per line, per year, \$28.00.

Death Warrant of Christ.  
The Courier des Etats Unis, of a late date, says: "Chance has put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document, to all Christians, that has ever been recorded in human annals; that is the identical death warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ. We transcribe the document from a copy of the translation."

"Rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross."  
"In the year seventeen of the Empire of Tiberius Caesar, and the 4th of March, the city of the Holy Jerusalem, Cephas and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificers of the people of God, I, Pontius Pilate, Governor of the province, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves: the great and notorious evidence of the people saying:

1. He is a seducer.  
2. He is a blasphemer.  
3. He is the enemy of the law.  
4. He calls himself, falsely, the son of God.  
5. He calls himself King of Israel.  
6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude, bearing palm branches in their hands.

Under the century, Quirinus Pontianus to lead him to the place of execution.  
Forbidden any person, whosoever, poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus.  
The witnesses that signed the death of Jesus are:  
1. Daniel Abban, a Pharisee.  
2. Janus Herod.  
3. Capet, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city by the gate "Stronous."  
The above sentences are engraved on a copper plate, on one side is written these words:  
"A similar plate is sent to each of these tribes."  
It was found in antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the city of Aquila, in the Kingdom of Naples, in the year 1825, and was discovered by the Commissioner of Arts attached to the French army. At the expedition of Naples it was found enclosed in a box of ebony, in the sarcophagus of Utrinet.

The French translation was made by the members of the Commission of Arts. The children requested earnestly that the plate might not be taken away from them. The request was granted as a reward for the army. Mr. Demont, one of the savans, caused a plate to be made of the model, on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of his collection of curiosities, it was bought by Lord Howard for 5,884 Francs.

Antiquities.  
The Lancaster News claims the "bones" on the following:  
Mr. John M. Maret, an old citizen of this county, brought to our office last Saturday, some articles which he had unearthed on the place where he lives, while digging a post-hole a short time since and which were once the property of old John Maxwell, the friend and companion of Daniel Boone, and founder of Maxwell Station, (which was erected just where the articles were found, in this county, about 90 years ago.) There is among the articles an old-fashioned butter knife, knife and fork, knives handles, (all much rusted) a few bones, a piece of crockery-ware, and a cedar ruler, with the initials "J. M." marked or rather indented upon the wood. These were about 22 inches under the ground, and are supposed to have been there at least half a century.

A lady died in Milford, Pa., recently aged 96 years. She danced with George Washington, was an intimate acquaintance of Lafayette, Burr, Hamilton and many other great men of that day.

# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME II—NUMBER 41. STANFORD, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1873. WHOLE NUMBER 93.

## What an Engineer Told.

I am an engineer. Ever since the road was laid, I've traveled over it every day, or nearly every day of my life.

For a good while I've had the same engine in charge—the San Francisco—the prettiest engine on the road, and as well managed, if I say it, as the rest.

It was a South-western road, running, we will say, from A. to Z. At A. my good old mother lived; at Z. I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and a baby; and I always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day. I was an odd kind of a man. Being shut up with the engine, watching with all your eyes, and heart, and soul, inside and out, don't make a man talkative.

My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Joe. Some people called me unbecomingly, and couldn't understand how a man could feel friendly without saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few old friends—dear ones, too—I did not have so many acquaintances as most people, and I did not care to have. The house which held my wife and baby was the dearest place on earth to me, except the old house which held my mother, up in A.

I never belonged to a club, or mixed myself up with strangers in any way, and never should if it had not been for Granby. You see, Granby was one of the shareholders, a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk with him, and we were friends. He often rode from Z. to A., and back again, and once he said:

"You ought to belong to the Scientific Club, Granby."

"Never heard of it," said I.

"I am a member," said he. "We meet once a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. We have some among us now. I'll propose you, if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But then an engineer don't leave nights and days to himself, and the club would have one evening in a fortnight from Joe. I said:

"I'll ask her. If she likes it, yes."

"Ask what?" said he.

"Joe," said I.

"If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, 'don't spare you, my dear,' and we should have had no club at all," said Granby.

I had no answer. At home I told Joe. She said, "Then if Granby belongs to it they must be superior men."

"No doubt," said I.

"I don't everybody who could be made a member," said Joe. "Why, of course, you must say yes."

So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday morning, I went with him to the rooms. There were some men there with brains, and some without. The real business of the evening was the supper, and so it was every evening.

I always been a temperate man. I actually did not know what effect wine would have upon me; but coming to drink more of it than I ever did, at the club-table, I found it put on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk; after so many more I did.

I seemed like somebody else, the words were ready. My little ideas came out and were listened to; I made sharp bits; I indulged in repartee; I told stories; I even came to puns. I heard one say to Granby:

"By George, that's a man worth knowing. I thought him dead at first."

Yet I knew it was better to be quiet. Ned Guelden, with his ten words an hour, told the wine-made wit I was.

I was sure of it, when three hours after, I stumbled up stairs to find Joe waiting for me, with her babe on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," said Joe. "I suspected it, but I wasn't sure. A little club couldn't smell like a bar-rom."

"Which means I do," said I, waving in the middle of the room like a signal flag at a station, and seeing two Joes.

"And look like one," said Joe; and she went and looked herself and the baby up in the spare bed-room together.

"No," said she, "do you think a thing as much like a bottled-up steam is fit to be put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, the time will come when not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week will be the same. I've heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people, must be, and you will know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessing all these years. Don't throw them away, Ned. If you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself."

My little Joe! She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her. One club night, as I was dressed to go, Joe stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before. You have been kind, and good, and loving, always; but I should be sorry to ever meet, if you are going on this way. Don't ask me what I mean. You know."

"Joe," said I, "it's only one club to-night."

"It will grow," said she.

"Then she put her arms around my neck."

"Don't be afraid, child. I'll never pain you so again."

And I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa and leave the place for good next day. Already I felt my brain reel as I never had before. In an hour I was in a land of stupor.

It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin upon his face. My head seemed ready to burst; my heart trembled! I looked at my watch; I saw I had only five minutes left to reach the depot.

Joe's words came to mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some other man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

The San Francisco glittered in the morning sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the talking—bidding each other good-bye, promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-bye, Kitty—good-bye, Lue," I heard him say; "don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer. I wouldn't be afraid to trust every mortal I love in the latch to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."

I said, "I'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again." After all it was easy enough. I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off.

Five hours from L. to D.; five hours back. On the last I should be myself again, I knew. I saw a red flutter, and never guessed what it was until we were past the slow train at a wrong place. Two minutes more and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me, I laughed. I heard him say respectfully: "Of course, Mr. Guelden, you know what you are about."

Then I was alone, and wondered whether I should go slower or faster. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate.

The same man who had spoken to me before was striding near me. I heard some questions.

How many miles an hour are we making, I do not know.

Rattle, rattle, rattle. I was trying to slacken the speed of the San Francisco, but I could not remember what I should do. Was it this or that? Faster—only faster. I was playing with the engine like a child.

Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash; I was flung somewhere. It was into the water. By a miracle I was only scalded—not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and there gazed at my own work.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead, dying and wounded were strewn around—men, women and children, old age and tender youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; and a voice unheard by my other was in my ear whispering, "Murderer."

The news had gone back to A., and the people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place under the trees, and five bodies were lying there in their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby and two children. It was funny, it was pure fancy, born to my anguish—they looked like—oh! great Heaven! there were old mother, my wife, my children! all cold and dead.

How did they come on the train? I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on the lovely features of my wife, on the innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer. There never could be—never would be. And as I comprehended this, onward up the track thundered another train. Its red eyes glared on me; I flung myself before it; I felt it crush me to atoms!

"His head is very hot," said somebody. I opened my eyes and saw my wife. "How do you feel?" said she; a little better?

I was rejoiced and so astonished by the sight of her, that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I. "For the train went over me; but I feel no pain."

"There he goes about the train again," remarked my wife. "Why Ned?"

I tried to move, there was nothing the matter with me; I sat up. I was in my own room, opposite the crib in which two children were asleep.

My wife and children were safe! Was I delicious, or could it be—

"Joe," cried I, "tell me what has happened!"

"It's a d-d-d-d," said Joe. "You came home in such a state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You were not fit to manage steam and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half way to A., I suppose, and you have been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk."

And Joe began to cry.

It was a dream—only an awful dream. But I had lived through it all as though it was reality.

## Is there a Bible in the house Joe?

I said I.

"Are we heathens," said Joe.

Give it to me this moment, Joe."

She brought it, and I put my hand on it and took an oath (too solemn to be repeated here) that what had happened never should occur again. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be as ought to be so often—the engineer got drunk.

## SINGLE SHOTS.

Snatches from Metropolitan Journals.

South Carolina is bankrupt, and its Legislature is doing nothing at \$4,000 a day.

Bishop Meade said "our girls are poorly educated, but our boys will never find it out."

A hundred years ago it only took 12000 lamps to light Paris. Now it requires nearly 40,000.

Sphinx says "the use of the base viol in church of the olden time was a base violation of the Puritan Sabbath."

Pianofortes were invented in Dresden in 1717. Friedrich, an organ builder of Saxony, made the first square piano in 1858.

Secretary Robinson wants an appropriation of four millions of dollars for the navy. Is it not time for us to stop preparing for war?

Russia is the largest empire in the world in respect to territory, without excepting the United States. It occupies one-sixth part of the land on the globe, or more than double the rest of Europe.

The Democracy went it straight at the election on the 2d, and in consequence made a clean sweep, from Governor down to Constable. Their majority is 60,000. That's what straight Democracy means.

John A. Dix, Governor of New York; Thurlow West, one of the oldest editors in the United States, and Daniel Drew, the millionaire, are all pensioners on the Government, having been soldiers in 1812. West played a fife, Dix carried the flag, and Drew carried a musket.

Another Governor is in trouble. It is Gov. Moses of South Carolina, and he is to be impeached for receiving bribes, and for issuing fraudulent pay certificates while Speaker of the House. Something ails the Governors this year. They are having an uncommonly bad run of luck.

Now that it is pretty well settled that there is to be no war with Spain the Opposition men of all shades congratulate themselves that all danger of Grant's election for a third term is over. Well, there is also something worse than even a third term for Grant.

An appeal is made to the women of our country to buy domestic instead of imported goods. Almost everything necessary for a handsome and useful wardrobe can be found of American manufacture. Why will not some of our nice girls buy their working outfits at home, and home-made, and thereby set a laudable fashion?

Grape seeds are recommended as an excellent substitute for chicory, of which our coffee is sometimes made nowadays. The grape seeds, when roasted and ground, are said to have an aroma like that of East India coffee, and the taste of the coffee made from them is said to be similar. The only objection to their general use seems to be that it would be difficult to get enough of them than to send to the East Indies for coffee.

One of the most unpleasant features of current news is the announcement of the reappearance of the epidemic among the horses in New York. The Herald announces on the authority of one of the most noted veterinary surgeons, that not one horse in ten is entirely free from the disease, and that the prospect is that it will increase rather than diminish as the cold weather advances. It is to be hoped that the report is somewhat sensational, but it would be well for the owners of stock to guard against any possible visitation of this kind by careful attention to their horses.

Nowhere in his message to Congress does Gen. Grant make the slightest reference to a Divine, overruling Providence. Hereafter a fitting acknowledgment of our obligations, and a reverent expression of our gratitude, to Almighty God, have always been deemed indispensable proper and appropriate, in every Annual message. But it was left for General Grant to make this unpardonable omission—not accidentally, but as it would seem, with deliberate intent; and already we have heard more than one of "the elders" say: "What is to become of the nation that forgets God?"—Yonau.

## HOW THE BABY CAME.

The Lady Moon came down last night—She did, you needn't doubt it—A lovely lady dressed in white, I'll tell you all about it.

They hurried Lue and me to bed, And snuggled up, and now may be That pretty moon up overhead Will bring us a new baby.

"You lie as quiet as can be, Perhaps you'll catch her peeping Between the window-lars, to see If all the folks are sleeping. And then, if both of you keep still, And all the room is shady, She'll float across the window-sill, A bonnie white moon baby."

"Across the sill, along the floor, You'll see her shining brightly, And she comes to mother's door, And then she'll vanish lightly; But in the morning you will find, If nothing happens, may be, She'll leave a little of her behind—A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then, For any's always chaffing. The tales she tells to me and Len, Would make you sit a laughing; And when she went out pretty soon, Len said, "That's a pretty humming, There ain't a bit of Lady Moon, Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib, And yet I wasn't certain, So I kept quiet in the crib, And peeped behind the curtain; I didn't want to sleep a wink, And all without a warning, I peeped right off, don't you think, I never asked him morning!

Then there was a snuff by my bed, And when I climbed out and kissed her, She laughed and said, "You deep-head! You're not a little sister! What made you start your eyes so soon? I've half a mind to send you, For down she came, that Lady Moon, Exactly as I told you."

And truly it was not a joke, In spite of Lue's denying, For just the very time she spoke We heard the baby crying; The way we jumped and made a rush, For mother's room that minute, But only stopped us, crying, "Hush, Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tiptoe in, And keep our awful quiet, As if there was a night-slu To make a bit of riot. But there was a baby, anyhow—The funniest little midget! I just wish you could peep in now, And see her squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe it's true (He isn't such a galy), The moon had anything to do With bringing us this baby, But seems to me it's very clear, As clear as running water—Last night there was no baby here, So something must have brought her!

## FROM CASEY COUNTY.

Middleboro, Ky., Dec. 8, 1873.  
Joshua Brown, whose examining trial for the killing of Saunders was progressing, when we last wrote, was acquitted on the ground of self-defense. Circuit Court convened at Liberty on last Monday. The Commonwealth vs. F. F. Young was called on the first day, but that personage being absent, the Judge issued a bench warrant for his arrest, and the Sheriff, summoning a posse, started to hunt him up. He was found at his mother's, in Pulaski county, brought to Liberty and remanded to jail to await his trial, which was set for the June term of Circuit Court. Dr. John A. Wall had a sale, Saturday, of his personal property, preparatory, as we learn, of his removing to Texas. Though the day was disagreeable, a good crowd was in attendance. According to the opinion of those whose judgment we can rely, his property generally, considering the times, brought good prices. We note the following: One mare sold by Chy Powell's Abballah, to Craig Wall at \$75. One fine saddle and harness horse 4 years old, to W. A. Coffey, at \$135. One ditto, 6 years old, to same, at \$105. 19 sheep to J. Y. Carpenter, at \$2 70 each. A lot of 35 mules ready for market were recalled at a bid of \$80 per head. A fierce storm of wind passed through this section last Wednesday night, but no damage of consequence was done. However, our clever sewing machine agent, J. M. Cooper, of Pulaski, who had stopped at a house a few miles below here, was terribly alarmed the next morning to find his wagon, which had been left before the door, invisible. On search being made it was found at the bottom of an abrupt declivity, where, after making several somersaults which would have done credit to a circus performer, it had alighted right side up and not much injured. The people living in the lower end of Lincoln on Green river, are discussing the propriety of constructing a turnpike road to commence at a point about 1 1/2 miles above here on the Hustoville pike, running up the river bottom and intersecting the McKinney's Station pike near Jero Wilder's. This route is almost a necessity to this particular community, as the bottoms always full out of the roads in winter and are impassable. It would be but an act of justice for these people to have county assistance, as they have always voted for turnpike taxes and contributed beyond their means by taking stock in roads in which they had no direct interest.

Mr. Jesse Allard, a soldier of the war of 1812, aged 82 years, died at Danville on the 6th inst.

## KENTUCKY SHORT STOPS.

Solen Shinkle is the local editor of the Springfield Kentuckian.

W. S. Miller, Jr., is spoken of as the temperance candidate for Circuit Court Clerk of Garrard county.

Three of the merchants of Winchester announce their determination to adhere to the cash system in future.

The freight-house of G. D. Batterton, in Danville, was burglarized last week. Loss between \$300 and \$400.

A Methodist church is to be erected in London, and contractors are invited to send in their bids to W. H. Jackson.

The Shelby Courier says that trade in real estate is more buoyant in that county than it has been for eight months past.

The Glasgow Times is to be enlarged January 1st, and enters upon its ninth year. It will adopt the rigid cash system.

Hartford is the youngest of the oldest and Dixon the youngest county seats in Kentucky, and neither has a church. Oh fie! for shame!

A fine specimen of yellow corn, raised by Wm. Dunn, of Garrard, was the premium offered by the Kentucky Association. There were nine entries.

Gus, Shropshire, of Bourbon county, has brought suit against the Live Stock Journal of Chicago, for \$20,000, for alleged slander of Mr. Ss. cow, Fannie Forrester.

At recent revivals, held by the Christian and Baptist denominations at Mt. Moriah, in Pulaski county, forty-six additions were made to the former and twenty to the latter.

A traveler was attacked and dragged from his horse by a highwayman in Marion county the other night. The assailant searched him thoroughly, but finding nothing, disappeared in the darkness.

The Clark County Democrat says: "The Peck Family concert was a decided humbug." The Glasgow Times says: "The Peck Family concert, as a traveling entertainment, may justly be regarded as no success."

A difficulty occurred in the court-room at Lexington last week, during the session of Circuit Court, between two lawyers, P. P. Johnson and Jere Morton, resulting in the hacking up of Morton pretty severely. Both spent a night in jail.

The Auditor's report for 1872 shows that the total valuation of the property of the State for that year amounted to \$22,653,359 less than it was for the previous year, and his report for 1873 shows it to be \$372,181 less than it was in 1872.

The following is a copy of the rebellious resolution adopted by the negroes in convention at Louisville recently: "Whereas, the colored citizens of this State have been subservient to the Republican party, and have acted in accordance with the Philadelphia platform, we demand of the party a reasonable portion of the offices at its disposal in this State; and if our claims continue to be ignored, we cease to be considered indebted to the Republican party more than to any other that now exists or may be formed."

A special correspondent of the Journal from Fitchburg, Essex county, says: "The iron company here has two furnaces in blast, at this time, and both are making iron rapidly. Three furnaces will probably be in blast next year, which will make, during the year, some nine thousand tons of iron, and give employment, a part of the time, to nearly one thousand men. The management of the company has recently gone into the hands of energetic men who will develop its manufacturing facilities to their utmost capacity. Dr. E. D. Standiford, of Louisville, who was elected from his District to Congress without opposition, is the present President of the company, and reports says whatever he touches turns to gold, but here it turns to pig iron."

"Close up ladies, if you please," said a horse car conductor to six females, who had spread themselves over the entire extent of the seats. "I shall do nothing of the kind," exclaimed one of the indulgent ladies. "Clothes up, indeed, and in a car, too; you ought to be ashamed of yourself, young man." The conductor subsided.

A woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like women, the more it clings to you the more you are ruined."—Poor rule that won't work both ways.

## WANTS.

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It gives preference to LOCAL PATRONAGE, and charges less for that class of advertising than any paper of its circulation in Kentucky. It is read by not less than

TEN THOUSAND PERSONS

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HIRE A SERVANT,

RENT A STORE,

SELL A PIANO,

SELL A HORSE,

LEND MONEY,

BUY A HOUSE,

SELL A FARM,

BUY A HORSE,

RENT A HOUSE,

SELL A CARRIAGE,

BORROW MONEY,

SELL GOODS,

SELL FURNITURE,

MAKE MONEY,

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SELL MILLINERY GOODS,

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ADVANCE YOUR BUSINESS,

RUN FOR OFFICE,

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FIND ANYTHING YOU HAVE LOST,

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The facilities of this office for executing BOOKS and JOB WORK of every description, in the most perfect style, is unsurpassed by any establishment in Kentucky.  
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WHEEL SEWING MACHINE,

—THE—

FAMILY FAVORITE,

—AND—











# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1873.

## Farm, Garden and Orchard.

By an old Agricultural Editor.

### PROTECTING RASPBERRIES.

We have several inquiries from amateurs as to whether all raspberries require winter protection. We answer, certainly not, though we believe they will produce better fruit and more of it if all were laid down and covered a few inches with earth. The Clarke, the Philadelphia, the Early Purple, the Common Red, the Wild Blackcap, the Allen, the Canby, and generally the Hudson River Antwerp, do not require laying down. The Hornet, Brinckley's Orange, Pastalio, do, never mind what the books tell you. As we have often said before, the Catawba is principally valuable for its second crop; and in order to get this to its utmost extent, cut down this year's canes to the ground now, and cover the stocks with a good coat of manure. In the Spring, fork this in, and you will have raspberries from the 20th of August to the end of October generally, of a quality which all enjoy, as the variety is the true representative, in flavor, of the family—*Germantown Telegraph.*

To the above we add, that in our section and farther South, no kind needs protection, and if they did, we would not plant them, but rely upon the hardy kinds, as there are enough of them and good as any. Again, we would never plant the Catawba or any other Fall-bearing small fruit. They are huge humbugs.

### FARM PROVERBS.

Do not keep more live stock on your farm than you can keep well.

House all things as much as possible—animals, utensils and crops.

Sell when you can get a fair price, and do not store for rats and speculators.

The more comfortable you can keep your animals, the more they will thrive.

A good cow is a valuable machine—the more food she properly digests, the greater the profit.

A few roots daily to all the stock are as welcome as apples are to boys and girls.

Iron shoes on sleds last a lifetime. They are really cheaper in the end than wooden ones.

Replace all the bars where you pass often by strong gates, and then wonder that you didn't do so before.

Although, in draining land thoroughly, your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it again.

Always give the soil the first meal. If it is well fed with manure, it will feed all else—plants, animals and men.

A borrowed tool, if broken, should be replaced by a new one. A nice sense of honor in such matters is well to be commended.

It seems to be strange that housekeepers don't buy pins and tins with brass hoops and trimmings. They cost a little more at first, but last wonderfully.

### SAVE THE BEST FOR BREEDING.

The following is from the *Poultry World*: "It is the worst possible policy to kill all the best and handsomest fowls and save only the mean and straggly ones to breed from. This is precisely the way to run out your stock; for like tends to breed like, and the result is, that by continually taking away the best birds and using the eggs of the poorest, your flock will grow poorer and poorer every succeeding year."

It would seem as though this was too plain to be insisted upon, but, in fact, "line upon line" is needed. It is the crying wail of the poultry upon the farms the country through—this careful and intelligent selection of the best for breeding.

Nothing is lost by a little self-denial to start with. The extra pound or two of poultry flesh that you leave on its legs instead of sending it to the market is as good seed, and will bring forth tenfold and twentyfold in your future broods. Save your best stock for breeding."

That is sensible talk, and we ask our readers to profit by it.

### KEEPING APPLES.

At the West Grove (Pa.) Farmers' Club, T. M. Harvey and Dr. Bush both stated that they had been very successful in keeping apples packed in barrels with dry forest leaves, placing them in apartments just above freezing. Others had succeeded by packing them in sawdust, dry-tan and plaster of Paris. It will be observed that all these modes not only protect the fruit from freezing, when any cold snap occurs, but prevent the active currents of air, for it is not only important to keep the fruit cool, but to preserve a perfectly uniform temperature. We have found that merely wrapping the specimens in tissue paper, when kept on shelves, preserved them longer than when exposed, for the same reason—and hence also the advantage of heading up in barrels so long as fermentation and the bad effects of confined air are prevented by a cool temperature and not confining them too long.

### The Pleasure Season.

The season that has been from time immemorial consecrated to pleasure is now fairly upon us. The time has come for thoughtful matrons to give their brilliant evening parties for the benefit of their daughters who are now fairly out in society, for the theaters to bring out their stars, for all the places of amusement to present their best or their worst attractions. This interval in the rush of trade and in the hurry of industry, these long evenings that are apt to hang on

## The Panic in History.

A Brooklyn exchange thus felicitously handles the rise, progress and decline of the panic, which version, it is believed, will be of decided interest to the religious historians of the future:

1. Now it came to pass in the fifth year of the reign of Ulysses, son of Jove, that many of the money changers were gathered together in the temple of Mammon, in the city of Gotham, where they were wont to gather and rob each man his brother, of the fairlight which he had.

2. For these were sons of Belial who prayed not unto the Lord, but preyed each upon his fellow. And if a stranger passed by, him they took in.

3. For their days were spent in getting many shekels, and their nights in riotous living.

4. And lo these men talked not in the language of the people, but used strange words, that were as a shibboleth unto the people of the land. And they trafficked in puts and calls, and stocks and many abominable things.

5. And they worshipped a graven image.

6. Now this graven image was a strange god and a mighty one, wherefore certain of the scribes among the scribes called him the Almighty. And his name was Dollar.

7. And behold these sons of Belial had built a temple over against the street called Broad, near the street that leadeth from the temple of the Lord even unto the river that floweth past the city of Gotham.

8. Now it came to pass that their god Dollar was wrath with them, and he smote his high priest called Jay, who cooked the sacrifice in the temple.

9. And a great fear fell upon all those who worshipped the god Dollar, and they said, lo, we be all lame ducks.

10. And they called on the King, Ulysses, to come into Gotham and to offer sacrifices unto their god. For Ulysses worshipped the god Dollar even as all the people did in secret, but he swore by the Lord when he stood in the high places and was anointed King.

11. And Ulysses came into Gotham with certain of his privy counselors, and tarried at an inn. And Ulysses was heavy with wine.

12. And the sons of Belial gathered themselves together at the inn, and cried with one voice unto the King.

13. Saying, let the King hearken unto the voice of his servants, for lo! tribulation hath befallen them, and sore discomfort.

14. For their god Dollar hath withdrawn from them, and there is much sorrow among his servants.

15. And certain of the people whom the sons of Belial had taken in, stood near by, and with a stone's throw, and scoffed at the sons of Belial, and spitefully entreated them.

16. And they cried Alas! Alas! Those who have robbed the people have come unto grief, and the darkness of night falleth upon them.

17. And lo! they stood on their heads, and did many unseemly things at the discomfiture of the money changers.

18. And Jay, the son of Gondal, an heathen man and a snorer, soiled with the people, for lo! he had robbed the money changers of many talents, and he had looked up his treasures. But he, too, worshipped the god Dollar.

19. But Ulysses, the son of Jove, was sore disgusted, for he said within himself:

20. Lo, now the money changers are the friends of the King, and have loaned me many gifts of corn, and wine, and shekels, and frankincense, and bull paps, and myrrh.

21. Behold! I will help these sons of Belial, for that they may in the days to come bring me presents.

22. And he cried with a loud voice, so that all the people of the land heard his words:

23. And he said, lo, now I will take the shekels that are in the King's treasury, and give them unto the people.

24. But Ulysses was a cunning man, and a sly, and he took from each man to whom he gave the shekels, the parchment on which was written the sum that the King owed to each man.

25. And the temple of the Mammon, where the sons of Belial gathered together and worshipped the god Dollar, was shut for many days.

26. And lo, these things are written by David, the son of the Nitron, a scribe from the East. And shall not the history of the days that followed after be written in like fashion?

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